

# The Rebel

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Summary: John Doyle is a resistance runner in Combine occupied London, this is his story... Kinda Xover of HL2 and Mirror's edge but hey, my story. Please read and leave a review

## The Rebel

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\_Dong, dong.\_ The Big Ben clock tower had finally hit midnight; the year was 2047, 2 years after the invasion by the alien species known as the "Combine". 3 months earlier, Earth Governor, Wallace Breen had ordered the surrender of Earth for its resources in exchange for the human race to be preserved, however 2 months into the occupation, there were still pockets of resistance that opposed the Combine rulers, I am a part of that resistance. My name is John Doyle; I'm a quarantine runner that smuggles supplies for resistance operations by heading out after hours of the quarantine deadline and running from rooftop to rooftop. This delivery though seemed to be a special one, the supplier's orders was to handle with "extreme care".

"\_Pff, please, it's not like I'm carrying glass."\_ I thought as I climbed out of my bed in my 4th story apartment, I was already dressed at the time so I just grabbed my resistance headset radio, the package duffel bag, a knife and my side-arm, a berretta 9mm with a silencer, not that I would use it at will, but only if things got "a little hectic". I then climbed out my open window and jumped to grab the over hanging rooftop. I creaked as it held my weight; I pulled myself up onto the roof and began my run across the various rooftops and balconies.

After I had reached my third rooftop I realised I wasn't the only one on this roof, a Combine sniper was on this roof as well, luckily he had his back turned to me and nor had he heard me, but I took no chances I took cover behind a chimney on my part of the roof but to my horror a shingle had dislodged and fell from the roof when I reached the chimney, now he did hear that, he then turned around and

went to investigate the noise. I felt my heart rate increase as he got closer and closer, I slowly pulled my knife from it's sheath, but just as he was just a arms reach away, he stopped. I stuck to my piece of cover, ready to jump him in-case I was spotted.

"Stupid cats" Remarked the sniper as he turned back around and walked back to his part of the roof. I breathed a sigh of relief and began to slowly follow him, my knife still drawn and began to follow him. When he reached his part of the roof and stopped just at the edge, I took cover behind another chimney.

"Shooter 2-6 to checkpoint 1. Don't worry guys, it was just a cat, you can see me right? Over." he spoke onto his radio.

"Roger that shooter 2-6, we see you, looks like we need to get some fresh power cells for the truck's power supply, be back in five, over." The voice came from his radio.

"Roger that, 2-6 out." The sniper remarked as he watched his comrades-in-arms leave, I took the opportunity, I sneaked up to the sniper, violently pulled back from the ledge and stabbed him in the chest, the kill was quick and fast, I pulled his body back from the ledge and pulled my knife from his chest, wiping the blood off on his uniform. I pulled his radio from his helmet.

"You no longer need this, I do." I remarked to the deceased Combine. I then realised how big the street below was and I realised that it was going to take one heck of a leap; it was at least a several foot jump to the other side. I took a few paces from the ledge took a deep breath and ran as fast as I could.

"\_Here we go\_" I thought as the ledge got closer, at that point, time seemed to slow. I took a jump from the ledge, for was actually a few seconds felt like hours. To my horror I saw I wasn't going to make the roof, but also to my luck I saw that I was going to hit a drainage pipe. My body slammed against the wall hard enough to knock the wind out of me, but I grasped the pipe as I hit it. I then climbed back up to the roof.

"Boy, am I going to feel that in the morning." I remarked as I started my run again. But then a voice crackled over my headset.

"Runner 1, this is Runner 2, Doyle be advised, we have sighted attack choppers in your area. Over?"

"Runner 1 copies." I replied with regret for agreeing for this run, first I nearly break stealth from a sniper, I nearly fall to my death and now attack choppers!

"\_This run's going to be the death of me."\_ I thought as I pulled a MP3 player out of my jacket pocket, I still had quite far to go so I thought I may as well play some music through my headset to pass the time. It also tended to give me some rhythm to my run, helped me to get where I needed faster. I listed my options.

"Okay let's see; Skillet? No. Call of duty soundtrack? Nah. Eminem? Nope. Lisa Miskovsky? Hm, why not?" I selected the song "Still Alive" as I began to run again. The sound of a piano filled the headset before a female voice took over.

"I have changed,

I have changed.

Just like you,

Just like you.

For how long?

For how long?

Must I wait?

I know there's something wrong."

I jumped the gap between two buildings. Rolling as I hit the ground so I can keep my momentum. I saw a fence in my tracks topped with barbed wire, I ran up a rooftop access to the right of the roof just before the fence, I ran up its sloped wall and jumped over the fence, rolling again as I hit the ground.

"Your concrete heart isn't beating.

And I've tried to.

Make it come alive.

No shadows.

Just red lights.

Now I'm here to rescue you oh."

I came to a much bigger jump which led to a flat building wall. I wall-bounced between 2 walls to get to the upper level of my current rooftop to find a way across, there was a pipe on this level running along the gap. I balanced my way across it, once across I continued my fast pace.

"Oh,

I'm still alive!

I'm still alive,

I can't apologize, no!"

I picked a metal bar as I reached an off-line telephone wire that ran from this rooftop to another about 100 meters away. I jumped of the building's edge and used the wire like a zip-line, letting go of the bar just before the post that connected it on the roof I was now on. I rolled to keep my momentum.

"Oh,

I'm still alive!

I'm still alive,

I can't apologize, no!"

I speed-vaulted a pipe that was in my path, while doing that, I saw that I was going to need to get to a much higher rooftop.

"So silent,

No violence,

But inside my head so loud and clear.

You're screaming...

You're screaming

Cover up with a smile I've learned to fear"

I saw a pipe on a wall leading up to a roof twice as high as the one I was on. But up ahead was a large drop where the roof platform had ended, but not the wall. I began wall-run across it before turning and jumping to the pipe. It groaned as it held my weight, but it held, so I ascended to the next roof-top.

"Just sunshine,

And blue sky.

That's just how it goes,

For living here,

Come fire!

Come fire,

Let it burn and love come racing through!"

I came up to a large sloped roof that had a large gap at the ledge; I took my chances and vaulted the safety banister, and began to slide down the roof, gaining speed as I went.

"\_I hope I time this rightâ€¦!"\_ I thought as the ledge got nearer, I slammed my feet down and leaped across the gap. I rolled as I hit the roof, I made it. I quickly got to my feet and continued.

"Oh,

I'm still alive!

I'm still alive,

I can't apologize, no!"

I noticed that in my path was a squad of 4 Combine soldiers on the adjacent roof-top, I jumped across the gap and threw the first off the ledge I came from, his scream had alerted the rest, I then quickly un-holstered my M9 and dropped the next two with 2 shots the chest, the last one had tried to come up behind me but I quickly un-sheathed and slashed my knife across his throat which was followed

by a kick to the chest, knocking him off the ledge like the first Combine.

"Oh,

I'm still alive!

I'm still alive,

I can't apologize, no!"

I saw that a Combine attack helicopter was heading my way so I quickly dragged the 2 shot Combine to the ledge of the roof and shoved them off. By then the chopper's spot-light was about to light up my roof, I took cover under an air conditioning generator, the helicopter soon passed and I picked up from where I had left off on my run.

I've learn to lose

I've learn to win

I've turned my face

Against the wind.

I will move fast

I will move slow

Take me where

I have to go.

I climbed the ladder of a crane and walked along its arm; I stopped as I reached the tip of the crane's arm and I looked down and saw a sight that made my heart race, which was at least a 60 feet drop.

"\_The heck? There used to be a bridge along here."\_ I thought as I realized the bridge had been taken elsewhere. I had to know where it had gone to; it was the only way to get across the 20 foot long gap I had to cross. I spoke into my radio.

"Runner 2, come in, over?" I had a reply a few seconds later.

"Runner 2 copy's. What's wrong Doyle?"

"Where the heck did bridge 5 go to? I'm where it's supposed to be but all I see is a large drop."

"Really? Damn, muggers must have got to it. Wait, can you make the jump to the building's 40th floor balcony? We placed a bunch of crash mats there in-case something happened to the bridge." I looked to the balcony that was two floors below the roof and straight ahead, I saw a stack of crash mats that could easily be mistaken for crates.

Oh, I'm still alive.

I'm still alive.

But can not apologize, no.

"Yeah, I think so."

"Good, besides going around will take longer and you're running out of time."

"Copy that. Runner 1 out." I ended the conversation as I remember the deadline I was supposed to have the package at it's destination by. I walked back along the cranes arm to it's pilot house. I ran as fast as I could back to the arm's tip. For the second time that night, time seemed to slow; I leaped off the crane and prayed that I would make the jump. I aimed for the crash mats as I started to fall.

Oh, I'm still alive.

I'm still alive.

But can not apologize, no.

\_Thump! \_The crash mat had taken the shock from my landing. I looked around to get my bearings. The song on my MP3 player had reached it's end so I decided to turn it off, save some battery power. As I did so I looked at my watch.

"\_5 minutes early? Nice." \_I thought as I climbed the ladder to the roof. I had finally reached the drop-off point for this package. I set the package bag down and got on the radio to let my client know I was here with the package.

"This is Runner 1, package in place." I waited for a response, I eventually got one, but from someone I didn't know.

"Ah Doyle, nice work and five minutes early? I must say I'm very impressed. Shame this is your last run."

"Who is this? And what do you mean 'Last run?' What was I carrying?"

"The changer of the tide in our war with the combine. You were carrying a nuclear warhead. Adios Doyle."

"WHAT!" I yelled into the headset as I heard what I was carrying. The radio connection had gone dead though. I scrambled over to the nuke's bag and opened it. Sure enough, there it was, a small but powerful nuclear warhead. The nuke started to whine as the final seconds from detonation ticked down.

"No-" Was all I could say before I was thrown into the air by a bright light, but I felt no landing.

End  
file.